

my cat had a mouse this morning.  
it was dead, likely had been for hours  
& my cat purred with her eyes closed, nibbled at the mouse a bit.  
i laughed & told the others.  
by the time i had returned, dressed, my cat was gone & the mouse was too  
we found them in the living room, my cat stretched languidly across the carpet.  
the mouse was still dead.  
i laughed still, finding it funny,  
while the others grumbled & scolded the cat.  
i did not.  
the mouse was a gift, i think i heard once  
our cats bring us mice & the ilk as gifts.  
i cannot fault her for a gift.  
i feel bad for the mouse, i suppose, but it was a mouse & my cat is a cat.  
my cat keeps the mice away,  
& on occasion, brings us gifts.  
what a darling creature.